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VOL. XLV.

No. V.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque VALENSES.
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

FEBRUARY, 1880.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine, established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Forty-Fifth Volume with the number for October, 1879. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLV.

FEBRUARY, 1880.

No. 5.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '80.

JOHN A. AMUNDSON,

ALFRED B. NICHOLS,

WILLIAM M. HALL,

DOREMUS SCUDDER.

FALSE MIRRORS.

ONE of those brilliant half-truths that men are prone to accept and pass as good and full-weight coin is the familiar couplet from Burns—

“Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!”

In spite of its great currency, however, I think that no vast amount of testing is necessary to prove that it is not made of gold, but “base metal.” In the first place, I question very much whether it is not one of those sayings which some people deem wondrously excellent, as they do, also, certain religious truths, because they apply so well to their neighbors. Probe men to the bottom, and is not their secret thought, in very many cases at least, this: “Oh, that some power would give So-and-So and So-and-So sense enough to see themselves as we see them!” Our notions are apt to be decidedly positive as to how other people should be, and not applying the saying too narrowly to ourselves, we hold it a truly fine saying indeed. This is one way of accounting for its general acceptance.

As a wish, it is not sincere. We do *not* want to know in what light everybody else regards us. In the same spirit in which Pope speaks of "blindness to the future kindly given," we should laud that blindness which, for our welfare and peace of soul, keeps us ignorant of the distorted and ill-founded views that we must necessarily, in most cases, have of one another.

The couplet under consideration is often quoted as containing a sort of ethical maxim, which, as far as it can be complied with, tends to improve character and conduct. But, like the expression, "the greatest good of the greatest number," so specious as to seem hardly to need justification, it is utterly indefensible in its general form. The object is not to see ourselves as others see us, but to see ourselves as we *are*. Now this is just what seeing ourselves as others see us fails to enable us to do. The metaphor by which men are said to serve as mirrors to one another is well-taken, and its use sanctioned by the great dramatist. But the classes of men are many as the kinds of mirrors. The only mirror that gives a true reflection, neither magnifying nor reducing the object, is the plane mirror. Strange to say, however, the men representing this kind of mirrors, whose honest, well-founded, dispassionate opinions are alone worthy of trust, are the very men who, as a rule, are most mistrusted, and whose wisdom is first perceived when it is too late to follow it. If the maxim fails practically in the only case in which it can have value, what shall be said of it when applied to men who represent the other kinds of mirrors? As soon as any feeling whatever enters in to bias a man's judgment, he becomes transformed from the plane into the concave or convex mirror, in either case returning a false impression, to act on which were to act amiss. In one respect he becomes even worse than the mirror. For, while the latter distorts all the parts of an object alike, he either magnifies the virtues and lessens the faults or lessens the virtues and magnifies the faults.

Here arises another difficulty. Among all the conflicting images produced by different men, who is to distin-

guish the false from the proximately true? Evidently, each man must decide for himself. So that every man becomes the real judge of his own character and capacities. Of what use at all, then, to him are the so-called mirrors, since none of them renders an image that can compel his acceptance of it as true? As a matter of fact, does not every man correct his own character and his estimate of his own abilities in the light of experience and encounter with the world? Does he not do it by guarding in himself against the faults which he thinks *he* sees in *others* and by emulating the virtues which *he* judges others to possess? The mirror process is of little use to him, since he has but little regard for it and, practically, ignores it.

This view accords with the idea of progress. Men do not advance by looking in each other's faces. A few, the leaders of mankind, decide for themselves what is right, good, expedient; form their own ideals, look ahead, and push forward. They do not care to see themselves as others see them—it is not best that they should. Neither do they act as mirrors to these others, who gradually follow after. Lowell had the true idea when he wrote—

"Toil on, then, Greatness! thou art in the right,
However narrow souls may call thee wrong;
Be as thou wouldst be in thine own clear sight,
And so thou shalt be in the world's e're long."

BUBBLES.

While the bright light bubbles of youth are drifting,
By mad glad times and the deeds we've done,
So many colored, with tints quick shifting,
One is sure to see a bubble, some one,
So rainbow striped with red and gold
It seems e'en the sun a sweet kiss has sold.

And this dear clear bubble so swift is leaving
This cold old earth, and the eyes that wake
With many longings, their high hopes weaving
Round this bubble bright. If the bubble break—
With stony stare their eyes will strain,
But nothing comes back but a tear-like rain.

Each his own flown bubble of life is watching,
With wide tried eyes, as it floats away,
And scarce a glimpse of the others catching,
But with white lips trembling, hear them pray,
"O whispering breeze, for my bubble care,
Till angels receive it where skies are fair!"

S.

A HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE.

IT was in the winter vacation ; cold and frosty weather ; snow on the ground, and ice on the ponds. It was evening and at a small country tavern, where I happened to be obliged to pass the night. The usual group sat around the big base burner in the bar-room, discussing between intervals of golden silence the weather, the crops and the Hayden trial. Most of them had their trousers tucked in their boots, and wore slouched hats, and all of them smelled of the barn-yard.

The Hayden trial led up to the subject of tramps—one of the theories being that the murder might have been committed by a tramp—when a grizzly-whiskered fellow, who had been a kind of spokesman for the crowd, seized the opportunity to tell a story about a hair-breadth escape

he had recently had from a tramp who was robbing his hen-roost, and who fired a pistol at him when interrupted. The story doubtless had some slight foundation in truth, but the narrator, having got his auditors interested in it, began to enlarge upon his own bravery and the fearful danger he was in, till he almost made it appear that it was a pitched battle and he had encountered as many tramps as Falstaff did men in Buckram, and had done as much execution on them, though according to his own story the tramp or tramps got away with his chickens.

When he finally got through and the crowd were just beginning to admire his heroism, a chunky little man, who had been sitting a little back from the rest chewing tobacco and whittling the arm of his chair without saying anything, gave his chair a twist and swung himself up to the stove with the remark—

“Speaking of hair-breadth escapes reminds me of one that I came near having when I was about sixteen year old.”

“How was that?” asked one; and the rest, their appetites for the marvelous being now well whetted, leaned forward eagerly to hear a new story.

“Well, the way of it was this,” said the little man. “When I was about sixteen year old I was living down in Groton and had a great notion of going to sea. I used to go out sailing every chance I got; sometimes up the river and sometimes down the harbor and out into the Sound. But I never used to go far beyond the light house and there was ’most always some other boy with me—sometimes two.

“Well, one day I was down by the wharf and a man came along who wanted me to take him in a sail-boat down to the Edgcomb House and leave him there and bring the boat back. The boat was lying there all ready and I was glad of this chance for a sail, so we jumped in and shoved off.

“I’d been in a boat enough to know how to manage her as well as anybody and so with a good southwest breeze

we stood out into the river and down the harbor making the wharf at the Edgcomb House without any trouble. There I landed my passenger who gave me half a dollar, which was more money than I'd ever had before, and started to go back.

"Well, when I got away from the dock all at once I thought as it was a splendid day to be on the water with a good breeze and all that, I might as well make the most of it and take a little sail on my own account. So instead of going up the river I punted the boat out into the Sound. The wind freshened up and we went flukin' I tell you. It was fun to see her go. I jist sat in the stern and kept her well up into the wind and let her slide.

"It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when we started from Groton, but it was in summer and the days were long and I thought with that breeze I'd have no trouble about getting back home before dark even if I should go over as far as Race Rock. So I kept on, and not having my watch didn't know what time it was till all at once it began to grow dark and I saw it was sundown. Still I wasn't frightened for I felt sure if the breeze held out I could get home some time before midnight. But I put the boat about and started.

"Just as I came about, the breeze died away and in a minute it was so calm the sail flapped. Then it began to cloud up and grow darker and darker and pretty soon it commenced raining. Well, then, by George, you can bet I did begin to get scared. I couldn't see anything ten feet from the boat and couldn't make any headway. I knew I was pretty near the track of the Sound steamboats and that when they came along I had no light nor anything to keep them from running me down. I put out an oar and tried to scull but didn't seem to get along an inch.

"So it run on till I suppose it was about ten o'clock when I heard the noise of paddle-wheels and in a moment or two saw a big steamboat, all lighted up, coming right down on me. She was so close there was no getting away. In half a minute more she craunched right over

us and I and the boat and everything went under. I don't know how long I was under water but when I came up I struck out—I was a good swimmer—and after a few strokes got hold of the wreck of the boat and climbed up on it.

“I hadn't more than got fixed when I heard another steamboat coming. This was the Stonington boat; the other was from Fall River. The Stonington boat ran right over me the same way, and this time when I came up I got hold of nothing but a plank that had floated out of the sailboat. Well, sir, I swam round on that about fifteen minutes and I'll be darned if the Providence boat didn't come along and run right over me.

“This time I lost my plank, but when I came up I looked all around and caught sight of the New London light-house. It was a good ways off, but I made up my mind to swim towards it any way. I'd been swimming along about half an hour when I heard another steamboat—the Norwich boat this time—coming right down on me. I took a dive and let her go over me. I was a little out of breath when I came up and had hardly got over it when I had to dive again and let the Norwich freight boat go over me.

“I began to get discouraged. It looked to me as though they were sending out steamboats on purpose to run me down. Still I kept on swimming and didn't lose hope till pretty soon I heard a puffing and kerchugging and right ahead of me was a tug with a tow of about half a mile of canal boats. That was too much for me. I'd been run down by five steamboats ahead and I knew I couldn't stand a half mile of canal boats. I just threw up my hands and went down.

“I tell you,” said he, and here his tone grew pathetic and the listeners were visibly moved by it, “it's pretty tough for a young fellow to get drown-ded like that right in sight of a light-house. A good deal worse than being shot by a tramp.” Here he gave a glance of triumph at the man who had lost his chickens. “But 'twant no use, I was clean tuckered out.”

He paused a moment, and then resuming, in the most matter-of-fact way said, "The water off there must have been over a hundred feet deep."

Then he expectorated once or twice and settled back in his chair and was silent.

The listeners remained spell-bound for at least two minutes when one of them gasped—

"Well—how did you get out of it?"

"Get out of it?" said he, turning on the questioner with the deepest scorn, "I didn't get out of it. *I was drown-ded!*"

There was a profound silence for a moment. Then there came from behind the bar a long, low whistle, and the bar-keeper, who had been leaning over the bar listening intently to the whole story, drawled out—

"I say, did you get wet?"

I stopped to hear no more, but took my tallow candle and went to bed.

I. B.



SONG.

We ne'er have given token
The thought of love betraying,
No word has e'er been spoken
Love's messages conveying ;
No sigh from lips has broken,
The heart's quick wish obeying,
To tell me that thou lovest none,
Only me—
To tell I love no other one,
Only thee.

But I see thy fair cheek height'ning
With pure and maiden flushes,
When like the morning bright'ning,
'Tis mant'ling o'er with blushes ;
When like the summer lightning
Betraying color rushes,
And tells me that thou lovest none,
Only me.
And I, I love no other one,
Only thee.

E. W.

ΤΑ ΦΥΣΙΚΑ.

“**H**OW infinite are the complexities of relation!” broke out Esculapius, apropos of nothing, unless, perhaps, a pile of innocent-looking stones by the road-side.

Esculapius has developed a strong affinity for physics of late, so that I am really afraid to talk with him.

“That’s a beautiful landscape, isn’t it?” said I.

But in vain.

“Yes. But as I observed just now, to the educated mind the simplest object may open endless vistas of relation, reaching back to the creation, and ultimately including the universe; vistas of enchantment, wherein the enlightened imagination may wander with delight, as if along the aisles of some tropic forest. We may trace the history of the object along many paths; we may regard it as one link in a chain of cause and effect, reaching back to the primal atoms; or we may follow it along the path of its own development, watching the interplay of those principles with which scientific study has made us familiar, and from our knowledge of its past, complete our hypothesis as to its future; or we may throw about it the grace of sentiment, and shroud it with the halo of imagination. Take that stone, for instance,” he went on, pointing to a dirty cobble-stone in the gutter.

“Doubtless a brick from the tower of Babel; or perhaps one of the stones which Deucalion failed to throw over his head,” I suggested.

“To the thoughtless clod-hopper,” continued Esculapius, deaf to all my suggestions, “that stone is merely something to be kicked out of the way; a piece of dead matter. But to the eye of thought it is radiant with suggestions of a history which might well claim the attention of a philosopher, or wake the imagination of a poet. Of what sublime laws is not that stone’s existence the proof

and the illustration! It lies there quietly, and why? Because it must obey that same law of gravitation which holds the stars in their courses. It is alone, dissociated from its fellows. Whence came it? A poet might conceive the earthquake shock which rent it from the face of some craggy height, or the volcano which hurled it out from its glowing fires."

"Or the Irishman who dug it out of the gravel," I added.

"To the physicist, it suggests innumerable relations," said the inexorable talker. "Molecular cohesion holds it together. Its density varies inversely as the—"

I was in despair. Fortunately, my enthusiastic friend stubbed his toe, and further interesting laws were indefinitely postponed. But nothing availed to quench him.

"What strange fancies one has about such things!" he went on musingly. Andersen would give it a soul, and weave its life into the thread of some graceful little *Kindermärchen*; and yet he might well come short of the truth. People think it has no life; and yet it may be—there is reason to believe its particles are always in motion."

"Esculapius! Are you crazy?" said I. I fear it was that Yale spirit which is said to extinguish poetry, which so rudely interrupted him; but nothing seemed to disturb the even current of his thoughts.

"Then to think of the width of its connections," said the unruffled philosopher. "It is bound in some way to every part of the universe. It feels in its own degree the magnetic currents which traverse the earth, like messages sent along the nerves of some great body. As one member of the body politic, it obeys the attraction which the sun exerts upon the whole earth. Its history goes back past Columbus and the Cæsars and Marathon"—

"And the sacred chickens and the *βρεχέρες* *χοῦξ* *χοῦξ*," said I. "Perhaps one of Aristophanes' frogs sat on that very stone!" I ventured.

But he composedly,

“The best thoughts which such an object suggests to me are after all those facts in human life of which it may serve as an illustration. As even that stone is related to the All and Each, so I like to think that no human life can be completely isolated. Folly and wrong break many connections, but the vast majority are indissoluble. You are living your parents' lives over again, and that is a connection which you can never escape. Run back your ancestry a few score generations, and you are linked to vast multitudes of the human race. In some mysterious way, your destiny is bound up with the destinies of many around you. And as, in the material universe, all bodies are connected with each other, and yet all exist in obedience to universal law, so I like to think of human lives; inter-related in some mysterious way, yet each one dependent on the all-pervading Existence. And through all the mystery and perplexity of this ‘tangled skein of life,’ we search for the universal laws which bind humanity to the Infinite Goodness; that so, rising above confusion of details and mistakes of logic and errors, alas! not merely of judgment, we may at length grasp the universal principles of truth, whereon to build our lives.”

Esculapius is nothing if not preaching; a practice which his friends have vainly tried to correct.

M. E.

A DISTURBED REFLECTION.

On a gentle summer day
From sky almost unclouded,
The sun caressed with gentle ray
A lake with woods enshrouded.

Not a single sound was heard,
Not a voice was lifted ;
We, too, said not a word
As slowly on we drifted.

In the distance far below
We saw the sky reflected ;
And far below the glassy lake
We saw each cloud projected.

With prophetic, spell-bound eyes
We read a hidden meaning—
A future—in the golden skies
There below us gleaming.

We floated sky and sky between,
In air that seemed enchanted ;
For now across, with glorious sheen,
The parting sun-beams slanted.

But soon a wondrous change came o'er the scene ;
The sun sank down the sombre hills between,
The chill wind swept the polished lake across,
And made the fretful wavelets leap and toss,
The night wind came and broke the magic spell,
And left us thoughts more sad than tongue can tell.

B. J.

THREE REASONS WHY.

IT was on one of those chilly, rainy nights, with which we have been favored so frequently during the present winter, that I was hurrying along the walk in front of South during the ringing of the Tuesday evening bell. My destination was our class-prayer-meeting room in the Old Chapel, and being somewhat of an enthusiast on the subject of punctuality, especially at religious exercises, I hastened my steps in order to be promptly in my seat.

When I had reached the front of the Lyceum I was joined by X., a class-mate and very intimate friend, but one who differs from me very materially on the much-vexed question of the plans and methods of religious work in college. Now it had so happened that on Sunday we had agreed that each and every one of us should try to bring in a friend to the Tuesday evening meeting, or at least extend to them a very cordial invitation—so when X. very innocently asked me which way I was going, I promptly replied: “To prayer-meeting; won’t you go along with me?” “Well, I don’t know,” he said, “I am not much of a hand at prayer-meetings, as you know, but now and then I like to go and listen to what the fellows have to say, so perhaps I will, as it is a rainy night and the light, I must confess, looks very cheerful streaming out through the windows, but”—and he stopped a moment and withdrew his arm from mine—“you promise that I won’t be asked to say anything?” “Why, certainly not,” I said, “if you don’t wish to.” And by this time we had reached the Old Chapel.

The attendance was as good as the average, for it is a singular fact that a rainy night always brings as large if not a larger attendance at our class meetings than a pleasant one. The subject for the evening happened to be “Christian Work,” and our leader dwelt very appropriately on the urgent necessity for Christian work here in college, and, at the same time, rather lamented that so little seemed to have been accomplished by our efforts.

"There must be something wrong," he said, "and I think it is in *ourselves*." At the close of his remarks another arose and said that it was *faith* that was the only thing we lacked; if we had faith, God would certainly send down upon us his blessing, which thus far we had sought for in vain, and he closed by exhorting us to labor with our classmates and bring them into the meetings, for their immortal destinies were really in our hands. Still another spoke on the evils and wickedness of Yale as compared with other institutions, and criticized our methods of work here as inferior to those practiced by others, etc.

So the time passed away, seven o'clock struck, the closing hymn was sung and the meeting dispersed, leaving X. and myself alone in the room. "Well, how did you like it?" I almost instinctively asked. "Oh! very much, thank you," he said, "it is a subject on which I am exceedingly interested myself." This was the first time I had ever heard him express such a sentiment as this, and it took me a little by surprise. "What do you think yourself of Christian work here in college?" I continued, for I was anxious to draw him out a little further on the subject. "Well, I look at all these things in a very different light, I suppose, from many of you, but one cannot help having his own ideas and views of things, you know. Now if you will promise not to be offended, or to think that I mean anything personal by what I say, I should like very much just to tell you privately how a large portion of the college looks upon your meetings and your religious work." I assured him at once that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to listen to him, for if there were any methods by which our work could be improved we wanted to know them, and if we had made mistakes it was right that we should know them, too.

"There are many reasons, it seems to me," he began, "why your Christian work does not bear more abundant fruit—but there are only three of them that I shall have time to mention in these few moments. The first is what

I call the *narrow-mindedness*—I will not say bigotry, for that is too strong a word—of those who take it upon themselves to care for the religious welfare of their classmates. They seem to forget that we cannot and must not attempt to measure and gauge the plans of the Almighty by any petty standards of our own, and that it is sometimes, yes, often, an all-wise and all-beneficent provision that things should not be just as we would like to have them. They forget that we all see these things now ‘through a glass darkly,’ and to expect us to have the same views and the same ideas as to the methods and workings of our Christianity is simply preposterous—our very constitution forbids it. This tendency, to view things from one standpoint only, is apt to show itself in two ways—first, in regard to the prayer-meeting, and second, in regard to speaking to others on the subject of their religious welfare. With regard to the former, some have carried it so far that they have taken others to task for non-attendance, and almost estimated their amount of religious faith by the number of prayer-meetings they have attended during the year! They do not seem to realize that a man can be just as good and exemplary a Christian though he seldom if ever attends the class or university meetings. Take a case in point: here is A, who has been brought up, we will say, as a strict Congregationalist or Presbyterian, and who has been accustomed to attend the prayer-meeting from his earliest childhood up. He has learned to love it, and feels that it is a loss to him when he cannot regularly go. He never feels at all embarrassed there, but can lead in prayer, make remarks, or start a hymn with perfect ease, just as the Spirit moves him. Now all this is certainly highly commendable in A, but here are B and C, whose circumstances are and have been entirely different. B has been brought up as a strict Episcopalian in that church where the distinction between clergy and laity is so distinctly drawn—and very possibly has never attended a prayer-meeting before he came to college. He sympathizes most heartily with every Christian effort made for the good of the col-

lege—but cannot enjoy or accustom himself to the prayer-meeting. C is by profession a Baptist—he, too, sympathizes very deeply with every good movement—but there is something about the prayer-meeting that is almost repulsive to him—he cannot see how men can meet together and talk about their religion as freely as they do.

Now it is very evidently unjust and uncharitable, to say the least, for A to criticize these men because they cannot enjoy a service which to him is exceedingly pleasant—and yet this is one of the things which these good people are continually doing. Then, too, about speaking to others on the subject of their religion—they forget that it is the dearest subject to all our hearts, and an exceedingly delicate one for any outsider to tread upon, and that if a person is not endowed with the nicest discrimination and an abundant quantity of good common sense, he will in nine cases out of ten repel, rather than attract by his questions and remarks. How many times we are prompted to say on occasions like this: ‘My honest friend, with all due respect to yourself and your motives, it is *none of your business what I believe or do not believe!*’ For the men who really have the most influence on our lives are often those who never mention the subject of belief—but show it only too plainly by their lives—which brings me to the second reason—the apparent *inconsistency* of the professing Christian men. In the plain good old Anglo Saxon,” he said, “You do not practice what you preach.” “But that is impossible,” I interrupted, “we do not expect to be absolutely perfect, we only try to get as near to it as we can.” “Yes, I know,” he answered, “but see how inconsistent you are with some of the simplest principles which you uphold. And this, you must remember, is perhaps more than anything else what the outside world watches and comments upon. Take the body of men that attend your prayer meetings regularly and talk so often about ‘Loving their fellow-men,’ ‘Doing unto others as they would they should do unto them,’ and things of that sort, and how do they act during the rest of the week? They are certainly quite

consistent while the meeting lasts, but just as soon as they have passed out of the door it all seems to be gone. Why is this? What does it mean? These are some of the questions which we hear asked: Do these men live up to their principles in the recitation-room and on the campus? Ah! no—very few of them—some, I gladly acknowledge, do—and it is these few who are doing the greatest good—it is he who, like the preacher in Dr. Holland's poem

'Tries to make men wise
In doctrines which his life exemplifies.'

A little less talking and preaching, and a little more practical Christianity in our every-day lives, would help on your work amazingly.

A third reason why a large portion of the college cannot sympathize with you in your efforts, is one which has peculiar force just here at Yale. I refer to your indiscriminate condemnation of so many of our ancient college traditions and customs, which in themselves can work no possible injury to any one. This brings up of course the much vexed question of hazing." "So you believe in it, then!" I suggested. "In its proper place and to a certain extent, I do. But do not let me be misunderstood; practical joking, as carried on at the German Universities, and the infliction of bodily injury of any kind on an under-classman, is an outrage upon any institution of learning, and I condemn it just as quickly as you do, but this is a very different thing from many of our innocent Sophomoric pranks here at Yale. These things, many of them, seem puerile and unmanly to the outside world, just as many of our other college customs and traditions do—but we would not part with them for the world, because we know they are among the strongest ties that bind us to our Alma Mater. The truth of the case is, that we are a sort of a little independent community here beneath the Elms, and we expect every one who comes here to fall in and comply with all our old customs and traditions even if they do not comport exactly with

his own ideas. We do not ask any man to be rough or ungentlemanly, or to sacrifice himself in any way, but we do object to his introducing radical views of his own about Freshman and Sophomore years. How many men in the present Senior class have any ill-will to a man in '79, because he may have been in a party which put them to bed or obliged them to extinguish their lamps at an early hour?

We can see no harm in these things when kept within their proper bounds, and when you try to break them up and lay aside all honest class rivalry and pride, and condemn many of our practices as silly and childish, why, we cannot sympathize with you at all." "Excuse me, gentlemen, but I want to put out the lights," interrupted the janitor at this point, and we were obliged to give up the, to me, very interesting talk. "Well, good night," said X., "I suppose you think I'm very hard on you, but you know it's a good thing now and then to 'see ourselves as others see us' even on religious matters."

As I wended my way through the rain back to South, I thought of all that he said, and whispered to myself, "Yes, yes, he's right—we are inconsistent in a great many things—what we need is a little more sympathy, a little more love, a charity for those around us; a little more of the Spirit of that Master whose disciples we profess to be—the fault is in ourselves after all. And then as I sat alone in my great arm chair and stirred up the blazing logs and thought of college life and its possibilities for evil and for good, and of our humble efforts for this our so-called Christian work, something seemed to keep ringing in my ears and saying to me, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels—though I have all faith, and have not *charity*, it profiteth me nothing."

NOTABILIA.

OLD Februarius, the merriest, busiest, dullest, quietest of all the twelve annual visitors has at length donned his traveling garments and bid us farewell. With promenade and german, concert and play, he more than earned his title of merriest—at least so thinks our dashing friend, society's favorite. To the aspiring Junior of literary tastes, and the Senior panting for commencement honors, he seemed only the bringer of long evenings, so conducive to the producing of the sturdy thought and the evolving of those fully rounded periods, which the struggler deemed competent to insure him the success so longed for. The misanthrope, the recluse—for this specimen is to be found even here—as he looked with envious eyes upon the enjoyment of his more cheerful companions and contrasted his loneliness with their gayety, must have found the days strangely dull. While in the absence of out-door sports, through the narcotic influence of bad weather, cheerful open fires, flowing bowls and well-filled meerschaums, the genius of the month has fully demonstrated the quiet placidity of his nature. This, however, is not all we can say of the worthy sojourner. Simply as the bringer of five Sabbath-days—our scientific brethren assure us this is a rare gift of the old gentleman—he demands some attention. But more especially as the harbinger of an era of civilization he commands respect. At length the millenium of no rushes—for the modest affair of last week deserves not the name of rush—has dawned upon the well-nigh joy-distracted faculty, whose generosity fairly overswept all bounds, when they conferred upon us the unexpected half holiday. The athletic contests, too, which now have begun to assume the character of a regular institution, have done their part to render the old fellow's stay doubly enjoyable. Doubtless to each one in some way, to our friend of the tender heart through the medium of St. Valentine, to gay Lothario because of the array of favors which deck his mantel, to

hard student in the joy over toilsomely acquired knowledge, have there come in the last nine and twenty days experiences which will take their place in the rank and file of past pleasures.

WE strolled into the room of a Freshman acquaintance some time ago, and while in conversation, discourse turning toward the topic of recitations, we were much surprised to learn of the informal character which these are gradually assuming in the lowest class. To the further advanced who have been sufficiently fortunate or have possessed sufficient foresight to have selected a not very popular optional, the decided advantages of conversational recitations have been most strikingly apparent, and the question has often obtruded itself among their thoughts, why is it that our instructors do not more strenuously encourage these delightful exercises. Acting as they undoubtedly do to stimulate interest, to encourage earnest thought on the part of the pupil and to unite teacher and taught in closer sympathy, not only would their ultimate effect be an increase in acquired knowledge, but they would operate to destroy many of the false ideas with regard to one another, which the mutual treatment of student and professor shows to be existing in our community. One by one as the barriers which have so long kept these two classes far apart, are being broken down, the ideal system of college government will approach the goal of practical realization; it is a subject for rejoicing that our instructors are beginning to see that false dignity and an air of chilling stiffness in the classroom is one of the strongest of these barriers.

"WELL, now, to tell the truth, I don't see but that with all the talking of our newspaper men on the subject of poetry, our papers are just as good as Harvard's on this point as well as on any other." Such was the remark which fell from the lips of the most prosaic of college men, as he assumed the *rôle* of literary critic among a circle of companions. The criticism as overheard by us

awakened a series of memories, which clustered about our first experience in editing a college paper. It was during the gentle days of early summer, when every moment seems pregnant with poetic suggestions, and it was owing to this fact that we delayed our calls upon the poets to solicit their contributions. This duty accomplished, in course of time, as the editorial box remained empty, it became necessary to go the rounds again. The college poet who then occupied the topmost round of the ladder of poetic fame chanced to be rooming in Old South. It was about mid-afternoon—and very warm it was too—when we knocked. Hearing a slight noise we ventured to enter and a remarkable sight indeed met our eyes as soon as they became accustomed to the unwonted gloom, which drawn curtains and closed blinds gave to the apartment. The devotee of the Muses hardly half clothed, sat tilted back in his chair with feet upon the fender, a long pipe protruding from his mouth, a table with bottle and glasses by his side, his face wearing the most lugubrious expression, while a few sticks of blazing kindling wood cast a strange light over all. “Ah,” said he, in answer to our questioning gaze, “I’m trying to catch some inspiration, don’t disturb me; an idea is just dawning upon me.” We left him with some misgivings as to the result of his experiment, and that evening, as we returned from supper, we found in the box a piece beginning thus:

“O, Muses nine,
Your ears incline
To hear my prayer.
As I rehearse
My modest verse,
O, intersperse
Your mystic fire.”

We had read far enough, it would never do; so later on we sought out the room of an under classman, of great poetic promise. In reply to our questions his chum said he had gone out for a walk on F—— street. As the evening was a most delightful one we decided to stroll forth in quest of him. The moon was shining brightly, a

gentle zephyr rustled the leaves and served by its refreshing coolness to act as counterpoise to the heat of locomotion, while the deserted appearance of the street invited meditation. As we gained the summit of the hill we began to realize the beauty of the situation. Just below were the many lights of the city, from which came up a softened din of activity. Further off to the right glittered the waters of the Sound in the moonlight, while back and to the left rose the dark, gloomy hills. "Just the place for a poet," was our mental ejaculation, and turning we perceived the form of the object of search stretched out in a reclining posture at the foot of a grand old tree. Hearing the noise of footsteps he looked round and perceiving us said, "I came here for the express purpose of gaining the poetic inflatus; you will kindly excuse me, but I just begin to feel the burning of the fires of inspiration." The next morning we might have been seen bending over a written sheet whereon were inscribed a few verses, the first of which ran thus:

The moon's own light shone clear and bright,
O'er the ocean's dark blue wave;
The mermaids gay, sang their gladsome lay,
Wooping tars to a watery grave."

We did not have the heart to read further. What was to be done? A modest, unpretending Freshman had sent in one piece which we had decided to accept. There was no help for it, we must write the other ourselves. That evening we might have been seen driving with the young lady for whom we had long cherished a tender feeling. Surely we thought as we drank in the draught of pleasure, the muse will not desert us; and so it seemed when later our pen flew over paper and rhyme after rhyme made its magic appearance on the clean sheet. A few days thereafter friend Quercus, the college critic, called—"I say, Notabilus, that was a pretty good *Lit.*, but who, in the name of sense, wrote that nonsensical stuff called *A Drive*? It was the poorest attempt at poetry I ever saw, and that's saying a good deal; I have

been at Yale now three years." This was our first experience of Yale poets and others we have had like them. With one or two exceptions, the genus is rare, and we have never boasted since of the college's proficiency in the art of poetry. Our warning to aspirants is wait, never seek for the divine breath.

FONETTIC spelling! Of course you have heard of it and perhaps you have seen a specimen of it. If not, visit the reading-room and behold several treatises on this one of the *avant couriers* of the civilization of the future. We cannot reconcile this barbarous novelty with our conscience, acting, as we do, under the protection of Father Elihu, who is like to burst with rage whenever he so much as catches a hint of this new fangled idea. For men among us of the Gradgrind stamp, the trumpet notes of "practical," "advancement," "progress" and the like, by which this the latest panacea for the waste-of-time disease is heralded, will mean the summons to enlist under the banner of a new theory. The call for discussion, which the system makes, will on the other hand be the occasion for the displayal on the part of the sentimental worshipper of antiquity, of his richest store of sighings and groanings over the degeneracy of modern times. While the self-contained wise man—by the way one of the most remarkable products of the day—will assume his most sardonic smile, and simply seat himself more securely upon his time-honored hobby, commonly called the fence. Undoubtedly the great hue and cry that is being raised will perform its office in doing away with the absurdities of spelling, while we trust that it will not rob us of all the beauties of our word derivations, whence our language gains so much of its singular attractiveness.

WITH many of the Seniors commencement pieces are now the theme of conversation and the object of thought. Allow then a word of caution. So much has of late been said in regard to the choosing of subjects of live

interest and which have the charm of novelty, that without doubt many feel restricted to topics, which they feel it impossible to treat with vigor. To such we say there is sufficient time to change and yet secure a place among the successful competitors. It is absolutely useless for any one to attempt to discourse interestingly upon a subject foreign to his tastes, and in many cases it will be found that the seemingly most trite themes assume absorbing interest, when enthusiasm is evidenced in their treatment. Very few seem to recognize the truth of the fact that the newest subjects are in the hands of young writers apt to be exceedingly commonplace and stupid.

OUR attention was recently called in a very striking manner to the rather unfortunate want of elocutionary training characteristic of most Yale graduates. The inference is naturally drawn that this branch of instruction here must be in some degree defective. The principal defence offered in support of the lack of interest among us on this very important subject is, that excess of culture in elocution tends most powerfully to the fostering of a stiff, unnatural mode of address. That there is some truth in this assertion we do not wish to deny, but we do contend that it by no means demands any serious consideration. In the vast majority of cases a systematic course of instruction in the form of delivery is emphatically instrumental in the removal of that most distressing of all faults of oratory, nervousness, with its attendant evils, want of grace and indistinct enunciation, while it undoubtedly imparts the self-possession and ease, which in a public speaker constitute the greatest charm. As we near the end of the four years we perceive on every side marked evidences of the defectiveness of the course in this branch of education—a defectiveness which each commencement day renders most painfully apparent. The fault perhaps lies as much with student as with faculty—when the former demands more instruction in elocution the latter will in all probability accede.

PORTFOLIO.

—Isn't it curious how sometimes things, which are apparently separated by a wide gulf, with only a little explanation become quite intimately connected? Perhaps you don't know what I mean. I will explain by illustration. Did you ever read *Frankenstein*? No? Then read it at once; I think it's very entertaining, and you will enjoy it. Well, last vacation Miss L—— (you know Miss L——, quite pretty and very pleasant, but rather inclined to moralize)—we had just finished *Frankenstein*, or rather she had, and I had been listening and was absorbed in thought. The realistic way in which the story is told had quite impressed me, and my imagination had taken wings and flown away to the region of the elixir of life, and was already at work making human monsters by the wholesale, and I'm not sure but what they had some of them blasted my life and happiness several times, when I was recalled to every-day existence by the voice of Miss L——: "You know, Jack, I think there is quite a moral one can get from this story. Now here is this man Frankenstein who has obtained by great labor the *elixir vitae*, and with the prospect of benefiting the world creates a human being. This being turns out to be a monster bent on destroying the happiness of his creator, and Frankenstein spends the rest of his life in attempting the extirpation of his creature. Now, Jack, why do you smoke? How foolish men are! They create their own little vices, which get such complete possession over them that they are unable to be shaken off. Now do stop smoking, you know it's bad for your eyes, and yet when you came to college you——" "Ah, I see," said I, "that is to say that you consider me a modern Frankenstein gifted with all the powers of his peculiar genius. I am glad there is some one who appreciates my abilities——" "No, not exactly that," said Miss L——, "but that is the moral I have found. Don't you see? Now won't you please stop smoking?" Before I knew what I was doing I had "sworn off" till Easter, and how bitterly have I rued my rashness. Miss L—— is all well enough, but really I can't see why I should leave off smoking because she can find a moral in a fanciful tale.

—After a day of work and weariness and vexation comes the sweet respite of one's own comfortable quarters, the whisk-broom, water, hair-brushes and cleanliness. All the unpleasant associations fly off with the dust, the water washes them away, and to a light, warm dining-room and a cheerful meal succeeds the delightful realization of a long, solitary evening. Occasionally at such a time as this I am inclined to notice a picture that hangs above my mantel. It is not a masterpiece. Far from it. Though no one knows the estimation set upon it by its ambitious author, the critical side-turning of his poor little head, and the smile of satisfaction as he anticipated the sudden, glorious fame to spring from this his work. There is nothing unusual about it. It is a landscape, with an oak in the foreground, a country house in a cluster of trees in the distance, and the inevitable river flowing down the left. It is not original, it is not well done, but it has one characteristic of the great masters, it is mellow with time. The curves of the river banks are stiff with an outline that few rivers ever saw, the oak that occupies the foreground is out of all proportion to the pigmies of people under it, but none the less old Time has deigned to lay his rough hand soothingly upon it, quieting the crude colors with a kindly touch. One can imagine, as the years slipping quietly away blunted the first keen disappointment, how the old, grey-haired artist lingered by this picture on his walls, smiling quietly and tenderly upon it in memory of what had been. He has come to learn other truths. The world that moved around him and above him, and seemed so great and boisterous and unfeeling, has sunk silently away beneath his feet to warm, green fields and quiet blooming hedges where he takes his walks on Sundays in the summer. He has not met the realizations of his youthful hopes, and yet he feels that his life, after all, has not been a failure. And so his picture has come down to us, sent from his loving hands through many scenes and changes. We pass it carelessly as we do some old, worn faces in the streets, and are unconscious that the story it could tell may be wet with the tears and brightened by the smiles of a long and loving life.

—Mr. Warner has not a monopoly of Castles in Spain. He is not sole proprietor of these visionary estates, and, gracious host though he be and of a rare discretion in his

guests, there are some that I should miss sorely were I invited. But they spend a large part of their leisure with me, and, as they may duplicate their shadowy selves indefinitely, I am never alone, yet I wrong none of their other friends. Among the loveliest is Beatrix. See, yonder she comes now, down the grand staircase from a noble old Florentine palace. The pallor of the broad marble warms to a rosy glow as her white shoes trip noiselessly over it, with a gleam of scarlet stockings, silver-clocked. The taper in her hand lights the ribbon against her neck as she turns into the woven dimness under the acacias. Ah, Trix! Time there stands still for thee; we never entertain the Baroness. On the slope where the grey olive trees grow you may meet Hypatia lingering in the gathering twilight, her eyes turned over the expanse of the Mediterranean as if still dreaming of the Apollo who could not save. She is not alone, Romola's dark robes trail beside her white ones, and in her eyes, too, is a light lit long ago. Florence or Alexandria, the third century or the sixteenth, life could be great and sorrowful in both.

—"We must follow truth unflinchingly," exclaims the modern radical, as, surgeon-like, he hacks relentlessly away at the familiar old sentiments and conceits with which men have grown up, and which seem almost as dear to them as the hearthsides of their youth. It is little wonder that progress is reduced to a continual conflict, that conservatives are indignant at being rudely ousted from their time-honored notions, and turn into old fogies from sheer obstinacy, while the go-aheads in turn become iconoclasts and swoop down in savage triumph on the dearest, and it may be, the most harmless beliefs of their foes. William Tell is not the only hero who dies hard. Nearly everybody has a little shrine somewhere in his heart at which the old-fashioned hero-worship is secretly kept up in despite of all inquisitors. To more than one boy, I imagine, Abbott's history of Napoleon has been the most fascinating volume in all their youthful literary experience. It was so in my case, and to this day I can not banish the highly colored picture over which I used to gloat at that impressible period of my career. In those days the slightest breath against my hero would arouse my ire; but it is not so now; I have laid my old idol away in my fancy, safe from the rough winds of criticism. I have sev-

ered completely the Napoleon of prosy fact from the glowing ideal which lingers tenderly in my imagination. And when lately I came across the old book, and turned to the favorite pages, worn with much re-reading, it came back as vividly as ever, and my new and hard conception was soon forgotten in the poetic glory of the old.

—"Well, even Shakespeare is not divine." My impressible friend threw down the volume of Goldsmith he had been reading. He had ceased to believe in the methodical madness of the wonderful Dane; the generous poet had won him over entirely. What is a man to do when his cherished idol is transformed from dazzling marble into putty? Is he to admit the absurdity of his admiration or fight the critic? It gives a terrible cold-water feeling to find that what you have always considered sublimity is unalloyed rant, and that the sweet simplicity you have discovered, with so many flattering congratulations on the discernment of Ego, is the levellest common-place. One will find Taines enough to pull down his gardens of Eden, and any number of nameless critics to show him where the Idyls of the King were stolen. But are there not just as many on the other hand, who even go beyond Goethe in praising the Samson, and others who think that there was nothing ever written like the choruses of the Atalanta? The truth is, the *dictum* of the critic is not absolute. What if he does announce his decision with the air of the Autocrat of all the Russias? In spite of his assumption, he runs the same gauntlet that his victim passed before; he is at the mercy of a still larger body of critics—ourselves. If his arguments do not convince us we are not bound to receive his conclusions. Every reader must use the common sense to which he is entitled, and the taste he possesses naturally or by cultivation, however unpretending it may be, in the verdict he accepts on the writers he reads. He is wrong in believing poor Croker a fool, if he has no other reason than that Macaulay thought so. This is not arrogance; it is the reader's duty to himself.

—There are two ways of going to Europe. There is one multitude that whirls from city to city of the great continent every summer, beating a solid path from England up the Rhine to Switzerland and then to Paris, leaving the dust of its own nationality everywhere, till Europe of to-day—the

tourists' Europe—is no more like that of one hundred years ago than is New York or Philadelphia. The other is the only way to travel, not in the beaten paths, but off in quiet nooks and by-ways as much as possible, where the great rush does not come. Killarney is not at all a by-way, but Killarney under the rain is a very different matter. So we saw it, under a great mass of mist and cloud driving down the gap of Dunloe, sweeping up from the levels of the dripping lakes, clinging about the borders of the crags and mountains wet and sodden. But blissfully quiet! Under no better aspect could one visit old Muckross Abbey, grey, ruined, grass-grown, and alone under a wilderness of creeping vines and silent, sheltering chestnuts. Every leaf hung heavy with the dropping moisture in the pauses of the summer rain, and nature seemed to have chosen this as a day of mourning for the dead past, and to overflow from a full heart in a flood of warm quiet tears. Over the ancient graves the heavy boughs hung down, and the overburdened atmosphere looked sadly and mournfully through the empty casements of the ruined windows. How would it have been with the sun and light and song of birds and the visitors? One could not then have summoned back the ghosts of the old, grey denizens of the place; they would have fled from the noise and left the abbey shorn of all its meaning, like a chrysalis when its occupant has flown. So it is that now looking back upon it when the discomforts are forgotten, I find Killarney lying like an oasis of the memory in the midst of an experience that is barren, dry, and wearisome.

—The blind faith of the American in the “style” gives occasions for scenes that are irresistibly funny, as well as for moralizing on the want of an ingenuous independence. It not only causes an amusing display of ill-taste in dress, but penetrates into many illegitimate spheres, from the Vassar girl whose composition on any subject whatever is incomplete without a reference to George Eliot, to the swell from the avenue, who affects a taste for sporting with the rod or gun simply because it is deemed the fashion. Some time since I met a good-natured specimen of the latter sort who showed me his bran-new outfit from Conroy's, and talked as learnedly on the subject as the book he had been cramming. I had forgotten him entirely until one warm day last May.

I had been whipping a Pennsylvania trout-stream all the forenoon with glorious success, and having eaten my lunch was lying on the bank lazily watching the dancing water of the brook, awed by a sense of solitude in the "forest primeval" which thickly covered the steep and lofty hill-sides shutting in the narrow valley. I was pondering dreamily when a fisherman appeared around the bend above me, and I soon recognized my old acquaintance clad in a suit of dazzling white corduroys, and awkwardly but patiently casting his flies into every tree within range. His head was topped by a white straw hat, and his new creel glistened in front of him. As I knew that such a moving object in white would strike terror to the heart of every trout within forty yards, the sight of my friend with his eye-glasses dangling and a bored expression on his face, thus laboring to keep in the style, provoked my hearty laughter which hardly ceased when, seeing me, he came up with a smiling and relieved countenance and began to vent his ill luck on the unfortunate little brook.



MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

A part of the Winchester fund has been applied to establish a

Horological Bureau

For regulating watches and supplying minutely accurate time to public clocks in Connecticut. New York time having been made the standard, the college clock was, on Saturday evening, January 24, set back four minutes and twenty seconds, and tardy Yalensians will enjoy that period of grace henceforth forever. The

Senior Committees

Were elected January 28, as follows: *Class Day Committee*—W. R. Barbour, I. H. Chase, R. V. Messler, F. C. Train, D. C. Wells. *Promenade Committee*—S. S. Sewall, chairman; F. P. Chamberlain, floor manager; W. G. Daggett, J. S. Harding,

W. H. Harper, W. T. Haviland, F. W. Hopkins, J. J. Nairn, C. R. Smith. *Supper Committee*—W. D. Murray, chairman; F. Brooks, J. M. Douglas, W. S. Keyser, T. Wendell. *Ivy Committee*—G. A. Brown, T. R. Morrow, H. M. Reynolds. *Class Cup Committee*—J. E. Bushnell, A. C. Dill, D. W. Kellogg. *Secretary*—C. F. Bliss. *Statistician*—F. W. Booth, in place of W. E. Decrow, resigned. On the same day four

Class Historians

Were chosen by the juniors: A. E. Bostwick, I. Bromley, F. C. Griswold, and H. Richardson. On the succeeding Tuesday, February 3, the freshmen elected as permanent

Class Deacons

H. M. Chase, G. C. Jennings, and C. Loughridge. The vacancy in the sophomore board caused by the departure from college of C. W. Burpee, was filled by the election of C. E. Richards. The cherished midwinter week of vanities began Monday evening, February 2, with the

Glee Club Concert

Given at the Grand Opera House before a large and notable audience, which demanded an unusual number of encores and second encores; W. C. Asay, '80, F. P. Chamberlain, '80, and J. F. Merrill, '81, the soloists, receiving special approbation. The college orchestra played prelude and interlude, and was recalled after the latter. The following evening saw the hall brilliantly lighted for the

Junior Promenade,

An occasion highly creditable to the committee in charge of it. The decoration was good, the music varied and excellent, the attendance large, and the dancing spirited. The light of the week went out in a scattering fire of Germans, and attention was turned for a moment to a

Vote for President,

Completed February 7. Of 562 republicans, 112 democrats, and 49 independents, 213 preferred Grant, 205 Sherman, 163

Blaine, 82 Bayard, and the remainder divided among 20 different candidates. 20 republicans voted for Bayard; 6 democrats for Sherman. '82, '83, M. S. and S. S. S., went for Grant; '80, '81, L. S. and D. S., for Sherman. The course of Monday evening

Linonia Lectures

Was continued February 9, by Prof. S. W. Williams, on "The City of Pekin;" and February 23, by Prof. A. M. Wheeler, on "Ireland." On February 20 appeared the list of

Junior Exhibition Speakers,

Whose names and subjects are: P. G. Bartlett, Washington, D. C., "The Philosophy of Faust;" J. D. Burrell, Freeport, Ill., "The Stoics as Reformers;" C. P. Coffin, Batavia, Ill., "The Pyramids;" J. C. Coleman, New York, "Two English Allegories;" S. Evarts, New York, "Saint Paul and Seneca;" W. B. Hill, New Haven, "Taine's Estimate of Milton;" G. E. Ide, Brooklyn, N. Y., "Carlyle's Frederick the Great;" J. Leighton, Glenburn, Pa., "John Brown;" A. S. Van de Graaff, Los Angeles, Cal., "Lucretius;" H. C. White, New Haven, "Webster and the Abolitionists."

Sophomore Composition Prizes

Were announced as follows: *First prizes*—W. W. Barrow, B. Brewster, D. Kinlay, C. B. Storrs, J. E. Whitney, F. E. Worcester. *Second prizes*—C. E. Blumley, W. I. Bruce, C. W. Burpee, H. S. Snyder, B. Titche. *Third prizes*—F. F. Abbott, M. H. Beach, T. Holland, A. P. French, H. C. Fries.

Items.

W. Merrifield, '77, has been appointed tutor.—C. Berens, '80; L. M. Higginson, '80 S. S. S.; F. M. Fargo, '81; W. I. Badger, '82; F. G. Beach, '83; are the committee in charge of the winter athletic games.—The venerable debt to Benjamin and Ford, incurred by the late athletic association, has been paid.—The junior promenade committee has given its profits, one hundred dollars, to the boat club.—On January 29, the day of prayer for colleges, Professor

Sumner addressed the seniors, Professor Carter the juniors, President Porter the sophomores, and Professor Richards the freshmen.—A praise service was held in Battell chapel Sunday evening, February 15.—The annual course of Mechanics' lectures at Sheff. is given this year by Prof. Daniel C. Eaton, "Hybridism;" D. Cady Eaton, "Christian Iconography;" Prof. W. H. Brewer, "Dogs;" Prof. G. P. Fisher, "The Heroic Element in Historical Persons and Eras;" Prof. A. J. Dubois, "The Story of a Lighthouse;" Dr. L. Waldo, "Telling the Time;" Prof. S. W. Johnson, "Adulteration of Foods;" R. H. Chittenden, "Nutrition;" Prof. S. W. Williams, "Culture and Preparation of Tea;" J. J. Skinner, "Fundamental Ideas in Mechanics;" Prof. A. E. Verrill, "The Giant Cephalopods;" Prof. W. H. Brewer, "Modern Sanitary Science." The lectures occur, in the order named, every Tuesday and Thursday evening from Feb. 5 to Mar. 16.

BOOK NOTICES.

Civilization: is its Cause natural or supernatural? Philadelphia: Charles H. Marot, publisher. Paper, 8vo, pp. 140, price \$0.50.

There is an air of weakness about an argument enforced with such invidious quotation marks as meet the eye on the first page. "Scientist" and "evolution" are not, as the author seems to think, the catch-words of an obscure school, whose mention needs apology, but as legitimate and as familiar to the educated man as "theologian" and "creation." So that, when shortly one finds *Survival of the Fittest* swept scornfully away by man's interference (enforced, it seems, by new and marvelously efficient insect-powders), and the porpoise "taking up his residence on land, only to find no place on which to rest his unwieldy body except districts thickly populated," the shock is not so great. Seriously one regrets seeing so much earnestness worse than vitiated by weakness of argument and narrowness of thought; and the more deeply one believes that valid arguments on the side of religion are not so difficult to find, the more unfortunate do such self-destructive ones appear. The whole pamphlet is an intellectual suicide.

The Emotions. By James McCosh, D.D., LL.D., President of Princeton College. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price \$2.00.

At last the literary world has had its wish fulfilled of being presented with a popularly written treatise on the highly important though difficult subject of the Emotions. Probably no one could be selected who combines more

qualifications for the proposed work than Dr. McCosh, and certainly he has done justice to his theme, in so far as the limited space allotted him allowed. In the three books into which he has divided his subject he treats of first, the four elements in emotion; second, the classification and description of emotions; and third, the complex emotions. In combating throughout the assumption of the materialistic school of the day, which resolves the emotions into mere nervous action, the author has rendered an important service to psychology. One great charm of the work is the absence of the harsh controversial spirit in which so many philosophical and psychological treatises are now expressed. As the author announces in his preface, his aim is evidently to expound the truth, and after a perusal of the book one cannot close it without the conviction that the aim has been faithfully carried out. As a supplement to the studies of the year we must urge the claim of this work for serious reading upon each member of the Senior class, and indeed to all interested in the subject we recommend it most highly.

The Yosemite. By Wallace Bruce. Lee & Shepard, Boston; Charles T. Dillingham, New York.

A pretty volume of a score of leaves by a graduate of Yale '67. Text and illustration have a struggle for place on every page and the adjustment they come to is to the disadvantage of the continuity of the former. The verse is easy and pleasant, though in the last of the dedicatory stanzas grammar is sacrificed to rhyme: "begun" is not the imperfect of begin even in poetry. The illustrations are by one of the new processes of photo-gravure, and seem to unite the defects of the two arts without the accuracy of the one or the spirit of the other.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

Not westward but eastward shall the baleful star of the unfortunate exchange editor take its way. We open our friend *The Berkeleian*, trusting that it may bring some occidental freshness between its pages. Therefore we are no little taken aback on being confronted with so ancient and oriental a subject as "Arabic Literature." Sir Walter Scott furnishes the poetry, so that we infer that the gales of the Pacific coast are unkindly to the native flower. Home topics give two articles, the traces of pigeon-english in which we presume are attributable to the proof-reader alone. On the whole, the new board can congratulate themselves. The *Rockford Seminary Magazine* breaks our susceptible editorial heart all up with its Nellies, and Matties, and Corinnes (name of promise!) But "The Progress of Foreign Missions and the Reflex Influence upon Women"—pardon us, that we feel a little unwell—it recalls so vividly youthful days in a New England parsonage when the frequent and irrepressible missionary was quartered upon us—it is too much! Thank heavens! we have Aspasia in her own element of sweetness again:—

An odor of sweetness pervaded the air
 With butter and vinegar mingled,
 For seven girls were on a tear
 And the spoons and dishes jingled.

"Oh ! girls, it's boiling," the Senior cried,
 "Get all your fingers buttered."
 "We're glad to hear it," the Freshmen sighed,
 While their hearts within them fluttered.

CHORUS: O, candy rich ! O, candy rare !
 We seven girls are on a tear,
 For study hours we do not care.
 Pull, girls, pull.

From Pennsylvania College comes its *Monthly*. Chiefly sediment and froth—both equally difficult for our mind to grasp. To go from "Id Ego Sum Quod Cogito" to "Jes' So," is something of a strain to a man of ordinary calibre. We are with the writer, though, when he maintains that "the best kind of cider is sit-be-sid(h)er !" We see now on what instigation the *Record* published that wonderful poetic effusion, "The Lay of '81 ;" here is the same thing, a class-roll in charades. We do not know which is the worse.

The first article of the *University Quarterly* is good, though somewhat florid. We are sorry that "De Profundis" is too long to quote entire :

* * * * *

It was merely a paragraph—married—to *him* !
 Place—names—date—everything cruelly clear.
 And the faces around me grew misty and dim,
 Till I dropped in my tracks, and they brought me here.

Quiet and rest are all I require,
 Says the Doctor. Good faith ! I've a surplus of each !
 Quiet, for a man with his soul on fire !
 Rest, with the live world just out of my reach !

* * * * *

But after all the wrong and the shame,
 Sickened and beaten as here I lie,
 I've pluck enough still to review the game,
 And look my wretchedness fair in the eye ?

I thought I knew something of women—poor fool !
 Too stupid to know that in matters like this,
 Their simplest can send our wisest to school,
 And sell out our lives with a smile or a kiss !

I believe, on my soul, now the truth is told,
 I'm content that he's bought her—they're just a pair ;
 He with his swagger and sharpness and gold,
 And she with her beauty—the bargain's fair.

As for any such trifle as heart or soul,
Girls sometimes throw in just to make up weight,
That's neither in his nor in her control ;
The property's mortgaged—he came too late.

I hardly know if I'm sorry or glad
To know that she loved me—she loves me still,
All the treasure of feeling the girl ever had
Came to me—*he* makes shift with the empty till.

* * * * *

Let the doctor but once set me straight on my pins,
And then back to work with a cheerful will ;
For it's patience and pluck in the end that wins,
And our sort are remarkably hard to kill.

The *Virginia University Magazine* shows a rather funereal table of contents. An article on "Byron" drags its slow length over twenty pages, "to be continued" unless a merciful Providence intervene.

The *Vassar Miscellany* may find praise monotonous, but we can only reiterate the pleasure which its agreeable breezy vivacity always stirs in our soul, dusty and weary with literary chaff which has not even the one virtue of lightness. The January and February numbers lie before us, and very pleasant reading they both are. Vassar must be a more perfect microcosm than an unassisted masculine society can organize. The interests seem more varied, and the consequent habit of mind more plastic. If there are ruts they lead apparently toward all points of the compass, and certainly into some charming nooks. Or is it all the prosaic force of mere difference?

YALE LIT. ADVERTISER.

Supplement to]

FEBRUARY, 1880.

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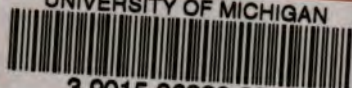


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